

Crushed by Loaded Wagon

TESTIMONY OF SHEILA A. CARLILE WINTERTON,
HEBER CITY, UTAH

On September 15, 1896, I was playing in our yard at Heber City, Utah, with my brother, Earl Neil Carlile, and my cousin, George Moore. My father, George Robert Carlile, came home with a large load of hay. When he stopped the team, I threw Earl's hat under the wagon. He started to cry and I crawled under the load to get it. Just then father started the team and the hind wheel caught me and passed over my body about one-half inch below my heart and over my right hip. The boys screamed and father rushed to my aid and picked me up. My body was terribly twisted. I was black all down my spine, and I was paralyzed from my waist down. Almost lifeless, I was carried into the house.

My great-grandfather, Patriarch Thomas H. Giles, and two other patriarchs, Thomas Hicken and John Duke, all of whom lived in the village, were sent for. Dr. Aird also was summoned, and, after examining my injuries, said I would have to have an operation performed upon my spine, and advised sending for Dr. Grager of Park City. There was no hospital nearer than Salt Lake City, and, inasmuch as I could not be moved, they agreed that I must remain at home for the operation. I had no sense of feeling below my waistline.

I remember my grandfather, and the two brethren who came with him, administering to me, and how they, my parents and other relatives knelt around my bed and prayed that my life might be spared. When the doctors arrived, I recall that my folks decided to ask the Lord again for help in my behalf. Someone said

Book
"MODERN MIRACLES"

105

by Jeremiah Stokes 1945
Bookcraft
that if there was anyone in the room who did not feel like exercising faith for my recovery to please step out. Both doctors left the room. After the administration, the doctors returned, and they were amazed to discover that I was no longer paralyzed and decided that an operation was not necessary.

I was many weeks in bed, but slowly I improved. I had to learn to walk again. At the time, I was past six years of age. People living here, who knew of the circumstance, often speak of it and say, "You are one person who was practically raised from the dead. It was a miracle."

Thus my life was spared through Divine power. I have lived to become the mother of three sons and three daughters. I testify that this is the true Church, restored again in these the latter days, with all its promised powers, gifts and blessings.

Dated September 18, 1934.

Mrs. Sheila A. Carlile Winterton.